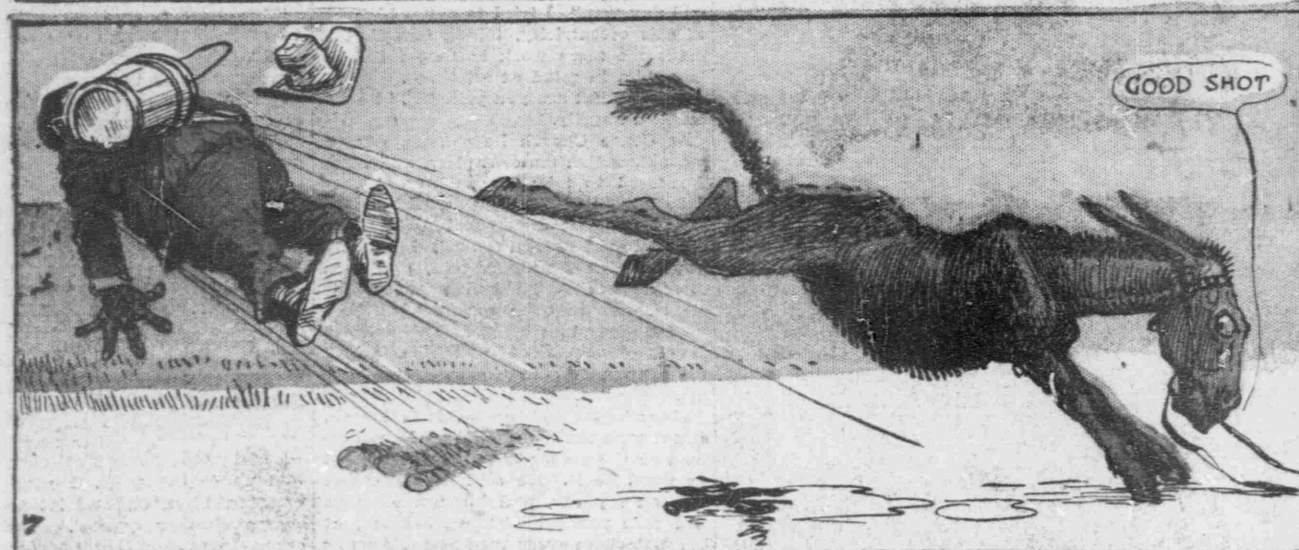
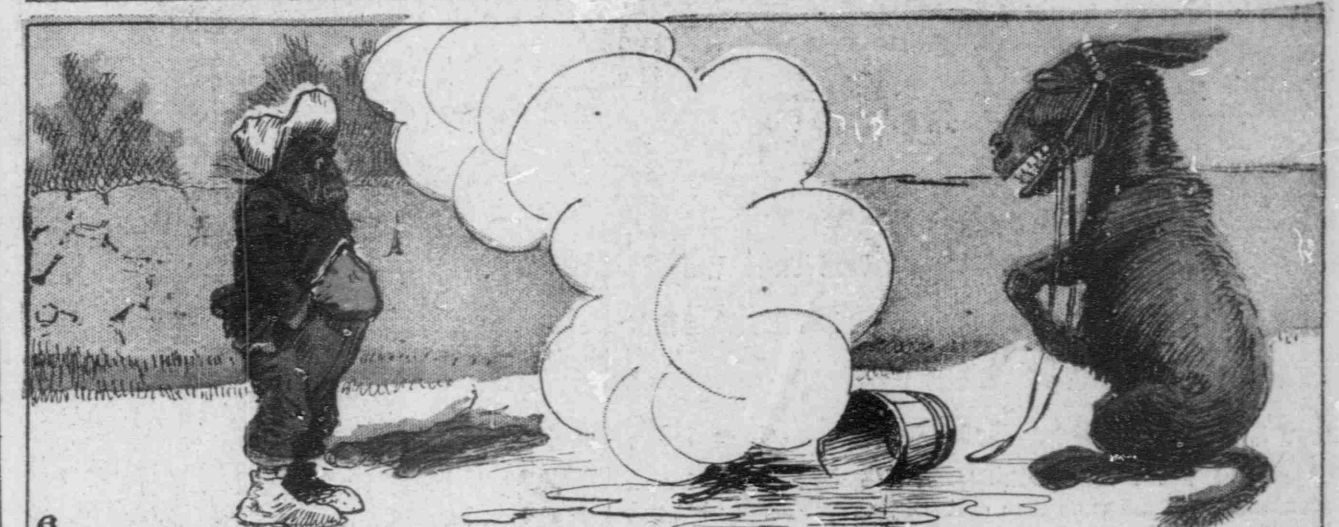
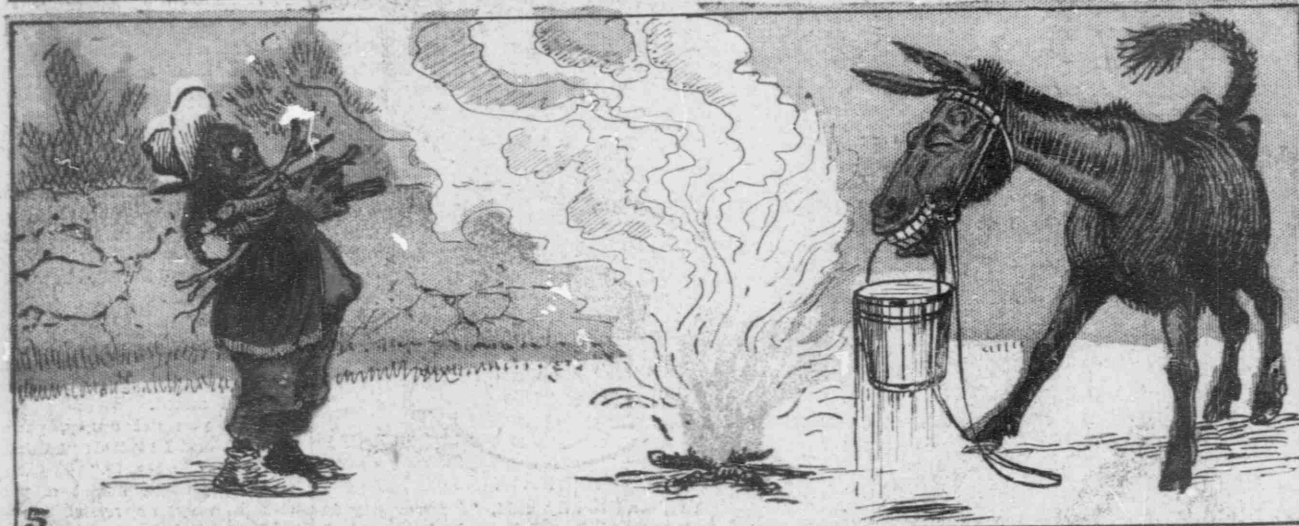
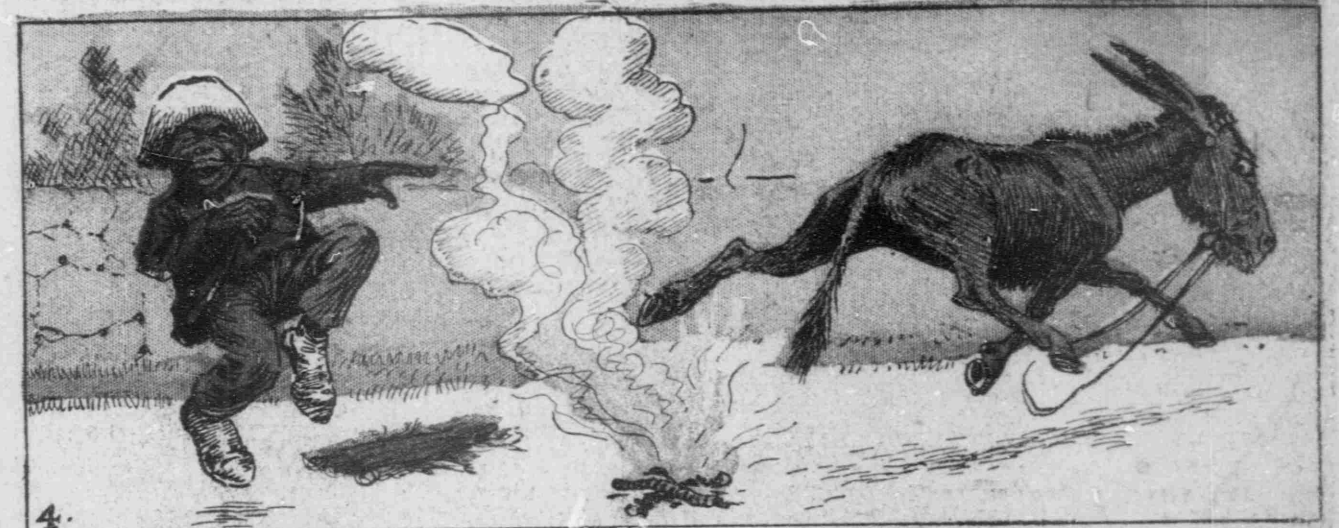
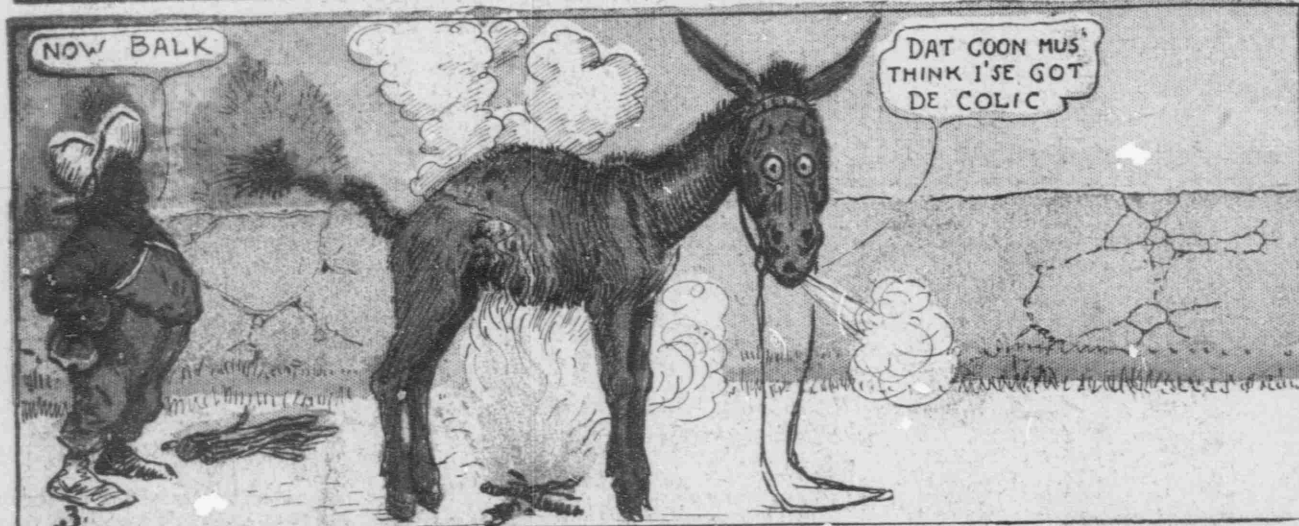
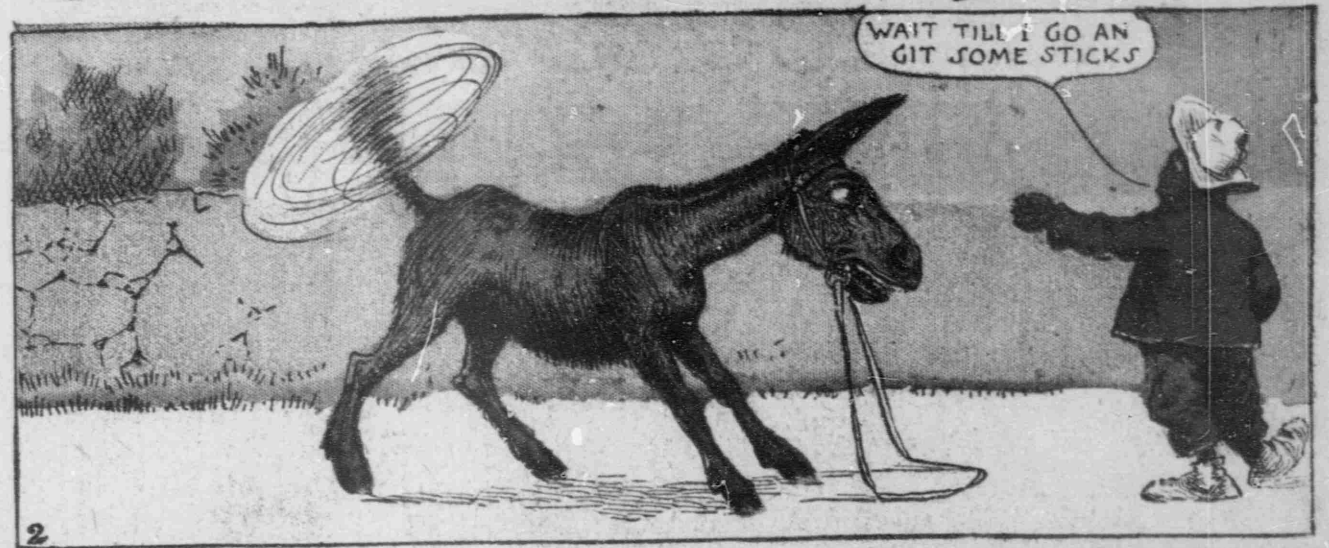


CYNTHIA KNEW WHERE SHE WANTED TO BALK



THEY THOUGHT HE WAS AN ANARCHIST



A TRAMP who felt a pressing need
Of something in the line of feed
Espied upon a shelf a prize—
A rich plum pudding, just his size.
Said he: "I've seen it wrote somewhere,
'None but the brave deserves the fare.'
That pudding looks to be the goods;
'Twas theirs—'tis mine! Me to the woods!"

BUT as he cantered down the street
He thought he heard approaching feet.
He looked and, to his ho-ror, saw
A blue-clad minion of the law.
The cop was gaining inch by inch;
The tramp was in an awful pinch,
When suddenly a bright idea
Drove from his mind all thought of fear.

H E faced about; he raised on high
The pudding with a warning cry:
"Back for your life before I throw
This murder-dealing bomb and blow
You all to bits!" The cop said: "Oh!
Excuse me, sir. I've got to go."
And go he did without delay.
He's running yet, it's safe to say.

A T last in peace and quietude,
Far from the vulgar multitude,
The tramp sat down beside a rill,
And there he calmly ate his fill.
The moral of this little tale
Is that, when other methods fail,
By strategy you'll oft succeed
In filling up your face with feed.